

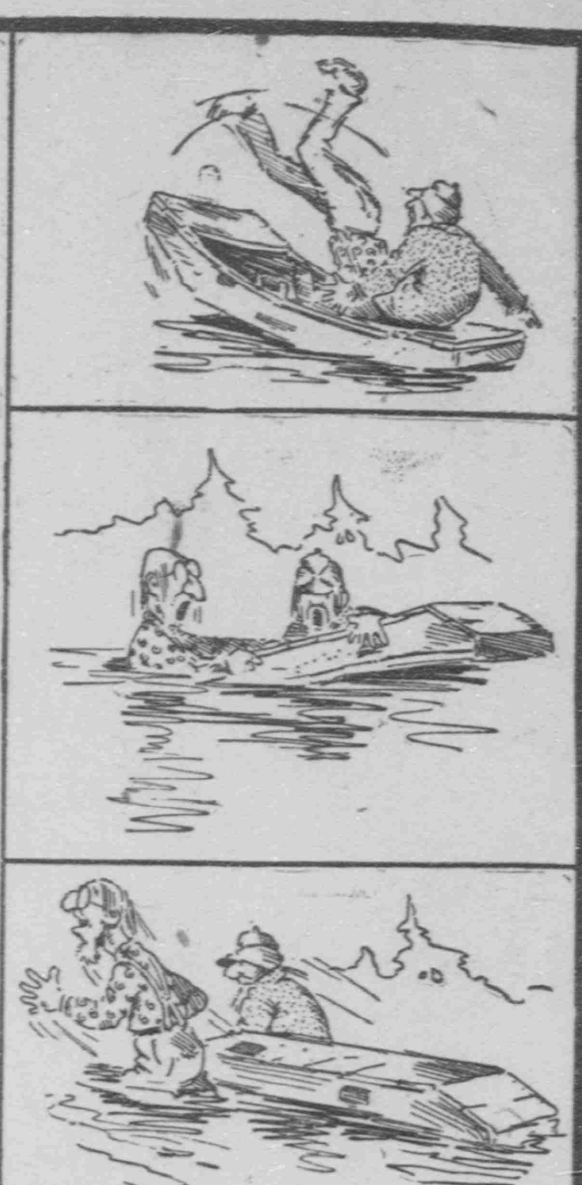


WE PRINT
Accidents, Marriages and
Scandals With Great Cheer
BECAUSE
WE KNOW
WHO OUR SUBSCRIBERS IS
WE ALSO PRINT
JOB WORK

BINGVILLE BUGLE

INERGA FATUM PARIT
BY NEWTON NEWKIRK

EVERYBODY
WANTS
SUMTHINK
WHAT IS THE RESULT?
THEY GET NOTHINK
ADVERTISE
IN THE
BINGVILLE BUGLE
And See What You Get



SOON AS HANK AND HOD GOT THEIR LINES IN THE WATER THEY BEGIN TO HIT UP THE HARD CIDER IN THE JUG



JIM HILL
KILLED A
BLACK SNAKE
WHICH HE SAYS
WAS SEVEN
FEET LONG
ONE OF JIM'S
FEET IS ABOUT
24 INCHES
LONG

THE BINGVILLE BUGLE!
The Leading Paper of the County
Bright—Breezy—Bellicose—Bustling

How doth the busy little bee
Improve each shining hour—
By gathering honey all the day
From every opening flower.
The cheapest advertising medium in the
country. If you believe in advertising come
and see us. For further information call on
or address the editor.

We are going to write a editorial for this issue of the Bugle on the subject "Poverty & Its Disadvantages," which we now take our editorial pen in hand to do.

This is a subject which has been very near to our heart for many years, and we feel perfectly competent to handle it with the deepest feelings, being as we have been through it, as you might say, and know what we are a talking about as well as anybody else in this neighborhood.

Poverty ain't no disgrace—there ain't no contumely nor ignominy nor anything like that attached to being poor in this world's goods. In other words, a man can be poor as Job's turkey and still enjoy the respect of his feller men. No right-minded person would look down on a man because he happened to be poor, but that's not the pint. While it ain't no disgrace to be poor, look how inconvenient it is! What chancst has a poor person got in this world? Answer—they ain't got no chancst. What can a person do in this vale of tears without the wherewithal to purchase the bare necessities of life? Absolutely nothing!

Folks who ain't been cursed with the curse of poverty—folks who don't know what it is to not know where their next meal is coming from don't know nothing about this sad state of affairs. Them as is rich and affluent and have all they want to eat, drink and wear—them who takes no thought for tomorrow, they don't know or realize the turrible disadvantages of poverty.

We calculate if some folks in this here town had of run the Bingville Bugle on air and promises as many years as we did it—we calculate if they had of tried to get out the Bugle prompt on time every week, for as many weeks as we have and got nothing in return for our efforts excepting a subscription list of dead beat subscribers, they would know something about poverty and its disadvantages.

As editor & prop. of the Bingville Bugle we don't yearn to be rich beyond the fondest dreams of avarice—we don't hanker to be a bloated bondholder, as you might say, and to have our pants' pockets bulging with hundred dollar notes

—No, not that. We would be satisfied if we could have enough to pay off our debts and then enough left over to indulge in a square meal, and buy a few second-hand clothes to wear on speshial occasions. We don't even expect to ever have enuff to afford to have two pairs of suspenders at the same time, but we would like to prosper sufficiently so as we could keep our boots half-soled and the bosom of our pants patched.

If only one out of every ten of our subscribers who is back on subscription anywhere from 10 to 20 years, would step up like men and pay us what they owe us we could hold our head in the air and feller men in the face and have considerable self-respect left.

No, poverty ain't no disgrace, but just look how irritating, annoying and unhandy it is!

Pertinent Personalities

A little rain would help the crops some. Gideon Powers says it was quite cloudy down Snake Bend way last Tuesday and he calculates they got a shower down that way, but no rain fell in our midst.

If you will excuse us for mentioning it how would you take the suggestion to pay us something on your back subscription once in awhile, you tight-wad?

Doc Livermore says that there ain't as much sickness in our midst at present as there was a spell back, and desires to know why this is. It is because we be more healthier, Doc.

Jim Hill killed a black snake last week, which he says was seven feet long—one of Jim's feet is about 24 inches long, when he comes to measuring the snakes he kills.

Buck Henderson lost a steer by death last week. Buck says he don't know what ailed the steer, but in our opinion it starved to death—Buck begrudges his stock every spear of grass they eat.

Shorty Andrews got his hair cut by Harve Hines, our tonsorial barber, last week, and now Shorty's personal appearance is thereby much improved. Why do you let your hair grow so long on you before you have it cut, Shorty?

Miss Phoebe Hilderbrand is taking lessons on the melodeum, and as a result the neighbors on both sides of her is nearly drove distracted. They have complained to the bugle, and Phoebe is kindly requested to put down the winders when she practices, hereafter.

Lokel Brevities

Miss Tabitha Jones, our fashionable dressmaker, is on the sick list, and a nounces them as have dresses in her hands must wait.

Rev. Samuel Moore says there was only four at prayer meeting Friday e'-g., including himself. This is simply ridiculous.

Miss Samantha Deevers is still on the sick list as usual.

Lafe Whitacre paid us 25 cts. on his subscription. This pays Lafe up from Jan. 1, 1890, to Apr. 1, of same year. Thanks, Lafe—small contributions thankfully rec'd.

Jasper Hawkins has a bealing in his ear. Jasp says he can't think of nothing he wouldn't prefer to have than just a bealing in his ear. We don't blame him.

Subscribe for the Bugle at once and pay up in advance.

DOUSED!

But not Drown'd Which They Mite of Been—We Refer to Hank Dewberry & Hod Slocumb Who Went Fishing in Gootchic Pond on a Sunday and Nearly Got Their Everlastin'!

Hank Dewberry, one of our most disrespectful townsmen, also Hod Slocumb, who ain't much better than Hank, had a narrer escape from death last Sunday, and what they went through will cluster in Hank's and Hod's memories for some time to come, or we miss our guess. If what they went through will make them take life more serious and induce them to live better & nobuller existences then everybody in this town will be glad that what happened did happen. There was a powerful moral in the lesson they learnt and we trust Hank and Hod will profit by it.

Early last Sunday morning, instead of Hank and Hod getting up betimes and making preparations to attend the morning services at 10 a. m. in the Bingville church, they both made preparations to go over the Gootchic Pond and to spend the day there fishing. Now ain't that a nice way for two citizens of this town to act on a Sunday! Well, Hank and Hod left Bingville about 8 a. m., accompanied by their fishing poles, lunch and a gal jug of old hard cider, which Hod had purchased offen Brad Hinsley the night before for a quarter. Hod says he can git more fun outen a quarter by spending it for hard cider than he can for peanuts or popcorn.

Hank and Hod arrove at Gootchic Pond about 10, and borrowing the lend of Bill Snyder's old flat-bottomed boat, they both started out fishin. Up to this time they hadn't tetchted the hard cider, being as they wanted to keep it until they got to fishin, but as soon as they got their lines in the water, they begin to hit up the hard cider in the jug.

It appears that Hank was afraid that Hod would get more than his share of the cider, and Hod he felt the same way so they passed the jug from one to another until they drained the jug in five minutes. There wasn't a drop left in the jug, but both Hod and Hank had a half gal. inside each, which soon begin to take effect, and it wasn't long until they become very hilarious and joyful. The cider seemed to effect Hod more than it did Hank, leastways Hod he made the most noise. He sung all the songs he could sing, and he can't sing anyhow. Hod when he goes to sing has a voice on him like a calf bellowing cuz it's scared to death. Hank he tried to get Hod to keep quiet, but Hod didn't pay no more attention to Hank than if he hadn't been in the boat at all.

Bye and bye Hod thort he had a bite and he pulled his line outen the water, but there wasn't nothing on it, and when he went to throw it back in the line went around Hank's neck and the hook went right through the lobe of Hank's left ear. Hank he out with his knife and cut the line off close to the hook and then had to break the hook before he got it out, but Hod was so intoxicated that he never even missed the hook off his line and went on fishing without no hook at all and wondered why in thunderation the fish didn't bite.

Bye and bye Hod he got fatigued fishing and throwd his pole into the worter. Then Hod couldn't think of anything else to do, so he begin to rock the boat just to skeer Hank and it did

skeer Hank turrible. Hank helt onto the boat with both hands and told Hod to for goodness sakes stop that or they would both lose their lives in a watery grave, being as the lake where they was must of been over 25 ft. deep. Hod he jest laffed and kept on rocking the boat for dear life. Finally Hank grabbed a oar and he says to Hod, "Cuss you anyhow, if you don't stop rockin' this boat I'll hit you a wallop over the head!"

"Go ahead and wallop," says Hod; "I ain't scairt of you." Hank he meant what he said, so he stood up in the boat and struck at Hod with a oar, but missed hitting him and Hank lost his balance and over he went into the worter. Hank he can't swim scarcely at all, and when he come up cofing and spluttering he happened to be right alongside the boat, so he grabbed it. Hod was laffing fit to bust cuz Hank had fell in and when Hank he tried to crawl back into the boat it tipped and out went Hod also. Then both of them was in the water hanging onto the boat for dear life.

When Hod went in it sobered him up a good eal, being as he begin to realize the gravity of his position. Hank says he reckons he tried to climb on the boat which was bottom side up more'n a hundred times, but every time it would turn with him and back into the worter kerplunk he would go. They bollerred for help, but no person heerd them, and being as they was too far from shore to swim, and the water was too deep to wade, they just hung on and waited for the end. Hank says that Hod got turrible scairt and offered up a prayer, and that he took a pledge that if his worthless life was spared he would never again tetch a drop of hard cider as long as he lived, but Hod denies this.

Well, to make a long story short, and end the agony, as you might say, the wind finally drifted the overturned boat with the two men hanging to it near enuff to shore, so that they could wade out, which they done, and pulled the boat after them. The lunch they had took along had been lost, and they was hungrier than a couple of bears.

Hank was turrible mad at Hod and wouldn't have anything to do with him. After cussing each other for awhile they both started to walk back to Bingville by separate routes, being as they hated each other too much to keep together. As we go to press Hank & Hod is still bad friends, and they will probably remain so for quite a spell to come.

Country Correspondence

CRICKET CORNERS.
A cat fell into Silas Hendrick's well and drowned—it's there yet.
Hyde Smithers purchased a new pr. of boots at the Co. seat last week, which pinches his feet something awful, but as Hyde has wore them he can't take 'em back, but will sell said boots to whoever they will fit, dirt cheap.

Rank Luther suffered from toothache one day last week, which is well at this writing—Rank had it pulled.
Mrs. Bossum, Sam Bossum's wife, announces to the gen'l public that she is prepared to do washing for folks. Please inform Sam, who will come after the clothes.

Nathan Bowker has started up his mill on Cricket Crick and expects to do a good business from this on, being as water is more plentiful.

These is about all the items we can think of at this writing.

Besides we be very busy, but will keep the Bugle posted on the doings here better in the future.

NOW AND THEN.

A Good Eal Excited

Last week Mrs. Cy Hoskins had a hen, who had stole off her nest, on a duck's nest back of the barn, to come off with five ducks, which she had hatched out and as soon as the ducks seen the duck pond they made for it

and begin to swim around and the hen got turrible excited, probably thinking they was a going to drown, and flutered around and made herself perfectly ridiculous.

Mrs. Hoskins says she will endeavor to raise the ducks, if possible, and wish her success in her enterprise.

Calamities for Seth

Last week Seth Dewberry, our lion-hearted town constable, cut himself "life shaving, and sinst then he has sprained his ankle, wrenched his arm, had the toothache, nearly fell outen his hayloft and run a splinter in his finger. Seth says that unless he has better luck within the next few days than he has had in the past few he calculates he will take out some life insurance on himself. This would be a good idee.

Coon Grease for Rheumatiz

Wes Woodruff, our expert hunter and trapper, desires us to announce that he has on hand some little bottles containing coon's grease, which he has rendered out from coons which he trapped last winter. Wes says that coon grease is a powerful good thing for rheumatiz and that he defines a case that it won't cure. Folks suffering from rheumatiz ought to see Wes without delay. Wes charges for these small bottles of coon grease according to how big the bottle is—they ain't all the same size. (Advertisement put in for a bottle of coon grease.)

IF YOU HAVE WHEELS

and they get out of order bring them to me and I will put them back into gear for you at reasonable rates. I KNOW ALL ABOUT BIKICKLES. Special attention given to punk-shoes. I stand up Eps Haggis's biickle until it runs almost as good as new.

I took it all apart and I TOOK ME TWO WKS. TO GET IT TOGETHER AGAIN and I had seven places left over. But I was new at the business then

NOW I AM NOT AFRAID

TO TACKLE ANY JOB IN THE BIKICKLE REPAIR LINE. I also shoe horses betwixt times and do all kinds of general blacksmith work including soldering holes in old bottles and other things. Don't Fear Me Place 2 DOORS WEST OF THE P. O.

BILL HEPBURN

Expert Blacksmith & Mashinist
Bingville.

I am going to kill a cow

next Tuesday if the weather is favorable and I can get Joshua Withrow to help me and I will sell Fresh Beef by the Side.

Send or Bring Your Order in EARLY

Because if I Can't Sell three-quarters of this COW BEFORE I KILL HER IN ADVANCE

Here is a chance to get fresh beef at POPULAR PRICES

So many people has sold to me lately that they are sick and tired of eating salt pork. So am I which is why I am going to butcher my cow. Send or Bring Your Order in EARLY Because if I Can't Sell three-quarters of this COW BEFORE I KILL HER IN ADVANCE

!!! I WON'T KILL HER !!!
and I want to know beforehand

ABRAM SKINNER
Bingville.



BUCK HENDERSON LOST A STEER BY DEATH LAST WEEK



REV SAMUEL MOORE SAYS THERE WAS ONLY FOUR AT PRAYER MEETING FRIDAY E'G INCLUDING HISSELF